

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

U. S. Army Has Ten Officers Training in France

WASHINGTON.—The movement of American troops to Mexico brings to notice the fact that ten United States army officers, representing all branches of the service, are on duty in France for instruction in French military training. They are there by permission of the French government, given upon request of the United States, and are welcomed in the friendliest spirit. It appears to be the intention of the war department at Washington to have six officers continuously on service in France, so that French experience and French military science may from year to year be available for the United States army. Occasionally an English officer or officers from the Balkan and smaller states have had permission to serve with one or another of French regiments, but it would seem that no foreign army, not even the Spaniards, has during this generation had such opportunities to know the military system as the Americans now have.

Capt. W. A. Castle is in an infantry regiment at Orleans; Capt. N. Marshall, Lieut. A. T. Bishop with other regiments at Chalons, Surgeon T. and T. Martin at the cavalry school at Saumur, Capt. F. H. Pope in the quartermaster's school and Capt. Frank Parker at the war college. Capt. Morton Henry of the American quartermaster's division and E. S. Greble and Honeycutt of the artillery have just arrived to replace three other American officers and three others are expected. The three do not get into the French service until October. In the meantime they are living in French families and perfecting their knowledge of French. Captain Parker, in the war college, the exclusive school of higher strategy, has probably the rarest opportunity and one not shared by any other foreign officer. Eighty French officers are admitted annually out of from 400 to 500 applicants who take the severe competitive examination. Years of study are devoted by the French officer in preparation for this examination, because all selections for the general staff are made from graduates of the war college, and no French officer need expect a high command unless he has gone successfully through this training in the deeper problems of strategy.

An armchair has been placed for Captain Parker apart from the other officers and nearest the lecturer's platform, so that the American guest may have a better chance than any one else to follow the exposition of a subject and see the diagrams. The work in the war college is severe and is from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. Part of it consists in hard riding over battlefields of France, the lecturer of the day explaining the operations of the troops that took part.

Pigeons at Washington Know the Market Days

IF YOU stand on the steps of the new National museum you will notice many pigeons on a street. The street divides the museum from the market, and on the far side there are rickety wagons, hitched to droopy horses—mostly white—and many chickens in the street. And if you are lucky enough to meet on the steps a little, old man, who looks like a dried apple that had a soul to it, he will tell you something like this:

"Yes'm, those pigeons know market days as well as the hucksters do. They come from all over the city for the bits of grain and green stuff that get spilled or thrown away. And very pigeon strikes it on time, like his fellow a train at meal times on Salt Lake desert. How they get from the seashore precisely in time for scraps to fling garbage from the diners is something I can't tell you. All now is they are there. Some folks miscount angels on account of their wings, but the way I look at it is that the one who put all that cleverness into bird creatures can be safely relied on to run this world and the without any advice from me.

Hear them roosters crowing! It's curious the way a rooster can put a word of mind into a crow. Now you listen to that one. That ain't the rattle of a free rooster on his own walk. He's calling out to the only one who can give him for somebody to come and free him from that wire crate. I don't know what's going to happen to him between this and some day dinner, but he don't need any telling that he's in trouble.

And you ever figure out about white horses? Now, you take that the curb over yonder. The biggest half of those horses are because white horses don't take with rich people. You scarce white team in a fine carriage, but they are always pulling wagons and dump carts, and I judge they used to be fine war horses, to what I read in the history books when I was young and in my

you notice, a white horse mostly looks as if he was ready to drop. To think it was because their owners, having no regard for white worked them to death, but that isn't it. A white horse hangs his head like, because dark horses look down on him and it hurts his soul. I personally knew a white horse that—

so on.

Sam Has a Veritable Mountain of Money

writers have pictured money growing on trees. And the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow has been the traditional will-o'-the-wisp for generations. But never before has there been a veritable mountain of money.

Nature has produced mountains whose buried wealth has entitled them to be called mountains of silver and gold, but it has remained for man to produce a mountain of greenbacks.

Three departments of the United States government have co-operated in this project, which required the united efforts of eleven experts for a period of three months, and, in addition, a cool million of Uncle Sam's macerated greenbacks for its surface.

The interior department, the agriculture and the treasury all joined forces over the arrangements for the one-dollar mountain, which is a model—a carefully made, perfectly correct and topographically correct working model—of Yosemite park, the government reservation in Mariposa county, California, on the western side of Sierra Nevada, which is the mecca for all westward-bound tourists who wish to feast their eyes upon its unequalled scenic grandeur.

This is the largest working model of its kind in the United States today, and it is five feet by twelve and weighs 600 pounds. Some of the great difficulties involved in its construction may be appreciated when it is remembered that it is a perfect reproduction in miniature of a tract of meadows, mountains, chasms, lakes, streams, falls, precipices, forests, vast gorges and huge boulders that cover an area of about the proportions of the state of Rhode Island, for the Yosemite park comprises no less than 1,124 square miles.

United States to Take Census of National Bird Life

A CENSUS of all the birds of the United States is to be taken this summer by the federal government. In announcing this fact the other day the department of agriculture, which will supervise the work, urges co-operation of all bird lovers. The primary object of the census is the preservation of this important game.

The count of the bird population is to begin about May 20, and the department hopes to have the final results in hand by June 30. As a beginning 250 correspondents in all parts of the country will assist in taking the census, but voluntary observers are expected to furnish most of the data for this undertaking.

In the enumeration an effort is to be made to determine how many pairs of birds of each species breed within definite areas. By comparing these figures with those of subsequent censuses it will be possible to ascertain if state and federal laws are effective and if insectivorous birds are increasing or decreasing.

The past under mixed game regulations of various states," the department says, "bird life has been decreasing. Now that the birds have been given the protection, definite and uniform measures are being taken to preserve them and increase their number. The new bird census is expected to follow will materially aid the department in its efforts to conserve this national resource."

TAMPICO DIRTY CITY

Discovery of Oil Makes Change in Mexican Town.

Despite Grimy Evidences of Commerce Port Still Is Central American and Interesting—Much Bustle Evident.

New York.—At last Tampico has become world known. On that cluster of bungalows, the old church and the jail built on a sand heap, the eyes of the world are focused.

The little port up the Panuco river, Tampico, ought never to have become a great city. It has none of the instincts of a city. If only oil had not been discovered the place would be today as it was 100 years ago—a lazy, fly bitten center of indolent industry. A point at the end of the river convenient for bartering purposes; somewhere where the Indian women could beach their canoes and exchange their fruits and dye stuffs for cloth and gaudy finery.

Nowadays there are wharves there and a railway depot. Big steamers are alongside the quays and mechanics in dirty blue overalls make the landscape unpleasant to look upon. Where once there was nothing but the subtle murmur of exquisite heat, now there is the noise of locomotives and the jarring rattle of the gear of unloading steamers.

Apart from the unlovely evidence of increasing prosperity, Tampico is still picturesque. Only its water side, its river front, has been "improved." Behind the smashing noise of the railway depot the old rubble of houses and drinking shops and churches remain. The place in its essence, as it were, is still Central American and beautiful. Dirty, yes, but splendidly dirty.

The old square remains, and by the square the green and white cathedral and the white painted, dirt incured jail. The jail is a romance in itself. It is a place unique. Perhaps the most democratic prison in all the world. There you can be lodged for some trivial offense—drunkenness, for instance—and then perhaps forgotten. If you have no friends or no money, you might remain there for months. Justice—or should we call it law?—in Tampico is a casual thing. Everything is a matter of tomorrow—the tomorrow which never comes. So that if you happen to be a prisoner without outside influence your stay may be a prolonged one—unless you have a few dollars with which to bribe the jailer. The worst of it is, your fellow prisoners will probably steal your clothes.

But, in spite of the wharves and the railway, the old native market remains. The people from upriver still come downstream in their dugout canoes and barter with the town folk. They exchange honey and sarsaparilla and luscious fruits for pulque, tobacco and cloth. Pulque, of course, is the native spirit—the fermented juice of the sloe—which produces quick drunkenness.

The little brown skinned, dark eyed children still gambol in happy nakedness beneath the old bridge; and there one still hears the music of the native instruments. The women from

PROTECTING THE PANAMA CANAL



To guard against any possible attack on the Panama canal there is now stationed at each of the locks one company of United States Infantrymen. The photograph shows some of the soldiers and their tents at Pedro Miguel.

the far-off, unspoiled districts of the interior—copper colored, straight haired women, shy and beautiful—sing their curious songs as they unpack their bundles of fruit, while their menfolk sit themselves and discuss cock-fights. Yes, by the old bridge in old Tampico one can always find gorgeous pictures—ever changing and entrancing, filled with flashing colors and infinitely brilliant.

But, of course, Tampico is important in spite of these things. It is called the oil metropolis of Mexico. Certainly it is the safest port on the Mexican gulf. The place commands most of the commerce of the City of Mexico, and all of that of a vast number of mining camps and centers of the interior.

American industry and capital have combined; together they have converted a remote, shallow and most treacherous roadstead into an important harbor. The engineers brought rocks from the mountains—70 miles away—and piled them out to sea. They built two great breakwaters, 1,000 feet apart, which extend to a distance of 7,000 feet into the gulf. Thus, after a million dollars or so was spent, Tampico, from being a little village seven miles up a surf guarded river, became a widely known port. The city is still seven miles up the Panuco river, but now big steamers cross its shattered bar and moor alongside the wharves which front its railway system.

The Panuco river is a curious stream, wide and swift flowing. It winds and twists, and is instinct with many weird currents. Navigators are not in love with it. As a matter of fact it is easier for big ships to hit one of its banks than to keep within the fairway.

Jailers Attend Banquet

Chicago.—After making every prisoner promise to be good and not get into mischief, jailers and guards at the county jail locked cell doors, turned out the lights and attended a banquet to Sheriff Michael Zimmer in the Congress hotel.

Will Revive Greek Ideals

Noted English Physical Culturist Here to Show Americans How to Perfect Minds and Bodies.

New York.—Mrs. Diana Watts, the noted English physical culturist, is here with her revived Greek ideal for the perfection of our minds and bodies. Five years of study, during which time Mrs. Watts isolated herself on the Isle of Capri, off the coast of Italy, has convinced her that she has rediscovered the Greek ideal of physical fitness which has been lost to the world for centuries.

Though she admits she has reached the age of forty-seven, she stands before the public today, a new type of perfect woman. The flush of youth is in her cheeks, and in every line of her supple body is traced the contour of youth. The energy and vitality of a strong man is in her plant muscles. All this she has achieved in five years after working out the methods employed by the ancient Greeks.

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SELL THEIR WIVES FOR BREAD

Cracow Peasants Starving as a Result of Bad Crops Last Year—Thousands Involved.

Berlin.—Amazing stories are being printed in the German newspapers concerning the terrible predicament of Silesian peasants in the neighborhood of Cracow. Thousands of men, women and children, mostly Poles and Ruthenians, who have come over the border from Galicia, are there begging

SEES HIS LEGS CUT OFF

Application of Local Anesthetics and His Own Nerve Make It Possible.

Denver.—"Go to it, doc! Saw 'em off above those bum knees! That's it! Good boy, doc! Say, but that's some neat job."

William Dunn sat in an operating chair at the county hospital and smilingly watched the amputation of his two worthless legs, as he talked.

That he was able to take a directing part in the operation was due to the use of local anesthetics.

"Now I can get out and earn my own way," Dunn chatted on, while the surgeon was busy with knife and saw.

The surgeon who performed the successful operation on Dunn's legs has fitted up a crude wheeled chair for his patient to use in selling papers when the leg stumps heal.

Dunn suffered from locomotor ataxia 12 years.

Dog-Eating in Germany.

Paris.—Despite the frequency in the poorer quarters of Paris of the stores called "Chateau Cheval," the name indicating that the butcher is selling horseflesh, hitherto no dogs have been introduced in the French cuisine. Le Matin publishes an article on German fondness for dogflesh, with an elaborate chart of figures showing the increased yearly consumption throughout Germany during the last six years, and concluding with the sarcastic reference: "Is this a utilitarian effort to combat the higher cost of living, or merely the manifestation of an actual fondness for a diet so loathsome?"

for food. They belong to the agricultural population of that country, and have been totally ruined by bad harvest and general distress prevailing in Austria in consequence of the money spent for mobilization during the two Balkan wars.

Men are willing to sell their daughters and wives, even, for a piece of bread. A great many are ill from starvation and exposure, but the Prussian police have found at last remedy for these poor wretches. They are being driven back like cattle across

SURPRISES HER SOCIAL SET

Miss Jeannette Allen, Noted Horse-woman, Announces Engagement One Day and Marries Next.

Washington.—Miss Jeannette Allen, the daring equestrian daughter of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Henry T. Allen, and one of the leaders in the younger army set in Washington, has surprised her friends by announcing on a recent Sunday her engagement to marry Lieut. F. M. Andrews of the Second



Mrs. F. M. Andrews.

cavalry and by marrying him the next day. Mrs. Andrews has won many prizes by her horsemanship at the shows and has the reputation of being always in the fore at the society fox hunts in the vicinity of Washington. The Andrews will make their home at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, where Lieutenant Andrews' regiment is stationed.

JEWELS OF LONDON MUSEUM

Ancient and Interesting Relics Are Now to Be Seen at Stratford House.

London.—The London museum, removed from Kensington palace to Stratford house, is twice as interesting as it was, and more. At Kensington there was no scope for definite arrangement. In the noble rooms of Stratford house overlooking the mall it has been possible to follow a chronological order and to convey in the costumes and the pictures, in the pottery and the weapons, in the books and the thousands of other local relics, a clear and telling history of London from Saxon times until the present age.

The most interesting addition that has been made to the museum was shown in the gold and silver room at a recent private view. It is a case containing 150 jewels of the early seventeenth century that were found by a workman two years ago in chalk soil 16 feet beneath the cellar floor of an old house in London.

There are gold and enamel pendants and rings, enameled gold chains, a gold and enamel set bottle set with diamonds and rubies, and a very fine diamond ring, crystal chalices and other communion relics, amethysts, sapphires, rubies, garnets and turquoise.

Like the box in which they were found, with the earth all over them, the pearls had decayed. But for the rest the treasures, as one of the visitors remarked, have the appearance of being so extraordinarily modern that all the gems look as though they might be bought in a jeweler's shop today.

Three hundred years ago some one must have buried this wonderful casket of treasures, hoping for an opportunity to secure its safe recovery. That opportunity never came, and the romance or crime that led to its concealment will never be unearthed. The scene of its recovery and the sum that was given to the man who found it remained a secret.

Woman Driven From Home.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Declaring that she was driven from home because she could not do as much farm work as a man, Alice K. Pitcher, twenty years old, seeks a separation.

the border. Five hundred of them have been so returned. How many perished on the way the officials do not report. There are no coroners in Prussia.

Paints and Crowd Looks On.

New York.—An unknown artist drove up in an automobile, set his card on the rear seat and painted a picture of the new municipal building. He worked for several hours while an enormous crowd looked on.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By O. E. SEILLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 14

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 15:9-14; 19:1-10. GOLDEN TEXT—"I came not to call the righteous but sinners." Mark 2:17.

The first section of our lesson is the beginning of a new parable (see R. V.) and contains one of the Master's best-known parables. Immediately preceding this is the parable of the unjust judge and the importunate widow. We are plainly told (v. 9) why the Master spoke this parable. It is easy to say that those who trusted in their own righteousness and "set all others at naught" (R. V.) were the Pharisees, but such is not the case; and this parable is a warning to us, lest we also trust our own righteousness (Isa. 64:6). Using this particular class as a background, Jesus paints, in words of simple grandeur, a picture quite familiar throughout the ages. In it he reveals the falseness of human standards and declares the judgment of heaven. The contrast is vivid. Let us look at (1) the Pharisee. The illuminating phrase is in the words "he prayed with himself" (v. 11). Ostentatiously the Pharisee separated himself from their fellow men and this separation seems to have extended even into his prayer life, and he is withdrawn from God also. This is an appalling picture of the man who trusts only himself. Examine his prayer and we see the supposed prayer is really a psalm of self-exaltation. It is true he begins by ascribing it to the Deity, but he ascribes no praise to God, no thankfulness for blessings received; indeed, he ignores God throughout after the introduction. On the other hand, his only recognition of other men is that of contempt for them. He is concerned altogether with his own excellencies and with the delinquencies of others. "I am not as the rest of men" (v. 11 R. V.). He extols proper virtues of morality, religiousness, orthodoxy and generosity, but went away unsaved.

Humility of Heart.

(2) The Publican regarded himself as "the sinner" (v. 13 R. V. margin). He knew he was a great, an irreligious offender against law and grace. He had sacrificed everything to acquire money. He comes with no outward show except an abundant evidence of the shame and humility of his heart. He also was excluded from men but not from God. Burdened with the sense of his sin, he casts himself upon the mercy of God. He is absolutely devoid of any trust in himself, any contempt for others, and makes a straight, earnest, passionate abandonment of himself and his need to God. "He goes away 'justified' (judged right). Why? Because he had taken the right place, a sinner's place before God, and found pardon. No one who claims a place before God because he is a righteous man will be justified in his sight. The true way to God is the one of the Publican, not that of the Pharisee.

(3) The Second Section is a story and deals with an individual case, Zaccheus, who was a "chief Publican," Jesus sought him (see Golden Text), whereas Zaccheus was animated by curiosity, and the writer informs us he was small of stature, hence the necessity of climbing the sycamore tree. He went up the tree because of curiosity, he came down because of conviction. He wanted to see this man in the center of the crowd and was amazed to hear Jesus call him by name and with the authority of a king commands his friendship and hospitality.

Must Yield Wealth.

Zaccheus was rich, dishonest, dissatisfied, but desperately in earnest, and a man of prompt decision. The estimation of his fellow-citizens is indicated by v. 7. Notwithstanding all of this Zaccheus was not so wedded to his money as to let it keep him out of the kingdom. In chapter 18 we read of the rich man who "lacked one thing." He was lost—"went away"—because he would not yield his wealth (see also 18:26, 27). What took place within the house of Zaccheus we are not told, but for the Master to enter was looked upon either as amazing ignorance of Zaccheus' character or else extreme carelessness concerning the maintenance of his own character. Jesus was dealing with one man, not the multitude, hence he leaves them to their amazement. While this is true, yet we can surmise something of that interview by the result (v. 8) for Zaccheus seems to have made a public avowal of his ethical and moral change of heart. Note the steps:

(1) He "sought to see Jesus," John 3:14, 15; Isa. 45:22. (2) He was very much in earnest. "Climbed a sycamore tree," Luke 13:24. (3) He made no delay, "make haste" Isa. 55:6. The result was that of great blessing to the people and joy in the heart of Zaccheus. (4) He was obedient, joyously and promptly. The genuineness of his transformation was evidenced by the way it affected his pocketbook. He made abundant restitution and gave bountifully to the poor. The love of God shed abroad in the heart of a miserly, selfish man or church will promote honesty both to God and man, and make men large-hearted, self-forgetting, ministering saints, Prov. 11:24; Rom. 12:13; II Cor. 8:5. It was as "Son of Man" that Jesus went to the house of Zaccheus. God's pattern, God's man. He made no reference to race, nor to caste. His purpose was to reach a "LOST" man and "was for such he came into the world, to 'save the lost'."

From the combined parable and story we can read the lesson that Jesus is the friend of sinners and not of sin.

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SHOULD GET LARGER CROPS

American Farmers Might Largely Increase Their Production Through Scientific Methods.

Our Pennsylvania Dutch are good farmers, but not so good as their relatives in Germany. For every bushel of wheat a Pennsylvania farmer produces from one acre the German grows two and a tenth bushels.

His farm is small, but the man who dwells beyond the Rhine makes each acre produce exactly twice as many potatoes as do our farmers.

The man who bows to a kaiser instead of a president extracts just a half more oats and over a third more barley and about 60 per cent more rye from each acre than does the improvident American.

The man who has but a dollar can live for a long time on it, whereas the prodigal can waste a \$10 bill on one dinner. The German has so little ground that he makes it work doubly hard.

When the United States has 200,000,000 population our farm production an acre will likely have doubled from sheer necessity.—Public Ledger.

At 11:30 P. M.
"Wife, why does that young cub stay out so late?"

"I believe he's pleading with Mabel for a good-night kiss."

"Well, if that is the only way to get rid of him, authorize her to bestow it."

Most men are industrious from necessity.

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW
Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia. found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes: "I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache."

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum."

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully."

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea but that was just as bad. "She finally was induced to try Postum which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

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The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

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